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ECHOES OF
DEMOCRACY

EDWARD GRUSE

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ECHOES OF DEMOCRACY

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ECHOES OF DEMOCRACY

BY

EDWARD GRUSE

Author of "Poems," "Songs and Tales," etc.



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ECHOES OF DEMOCRACY

TO THE STATUE OF LIBERTY

What golden light yon garnishes the waves,
Gilds with soft, velvety touch their foaming crests
And o'er their ebbing flows like molten gold,
Fresh poured o'er water lilies' undulating leaves?
See how the radiance casts its burning beams afar
And leaps o'er billows to the mariner's sight,
Leaps like forked lightning from the moonless sky,
Illuminating with its sudden fire,
The path of swollen rain cloud o'er the parched
land.

What star has newly risen from obscurity?
Emerged from nebulous mists of magic voids,
Shot forth from infinite recesses of unawakened
dawns?

Of old long-bearded prophets told of such a light,
Of which the Lord oft whispered in their spellbound
ears.

By feathering on their ear drums with a stellar ray,
Or tapping on their anvils with the moon's bright
silver beam,

Or by the sunset's splendor in the Western zone,
When gorgeous hues clouds wooed the somber-
footed night,

Trailing her dusky garments o'er the flowering vales
And scattering fragrance from her dewy folds,
Awakening a thousand slumbering harmonies
Which but awaited for some signal key,
When they burst forth in full tumultuous melodies,
Awelling up faint whisperings from that bourne,

They oft petitioned, but could never fully know.

The palsied poor, exchanging their last mite for
bread,

Grabbed without thanks by greedy, cold, close-fisted
hands

Dreamed of a light, which would illuminate,

The parsimonious nook in selfish minds,

And show them they are hoarding here,

That which is least accredited in heaven,

And leave untouched, rose tinted pearls, gems with-
out price,

Bright with the hue of heaven's lustrous smile.

Downtrodden generations, with a million wrongs,

To curse the tyranny, which tread them down,

Prayed that some such a spark may permeate

The darkness of black machination's cloud

And kindle mercy in the despot's stony heart.

Now time has brought thee from its hoarded
depths

Unlocked by persecution and by blood.

Shine! Pierce the gloom of an enslaved world,

Pierce interlunar reaches of primeval night,

That Night mare's vampire may not hold us thrall.

Thus are fulfilled those centuries of dreams,

Which lead that hero, weighted with the thought

Of unknown kingdoms slumbering unrevealed,

To brave the perils of unnavigated seas.

Light ushered in the new world to the old
world's eyes,

For to the admirals' gaze, the alien shores

Swam with the beacon that would ever be

The emblem of the world's democracy.

Oh bursting dawn of all the dawns of time!
Then hundred men rushed to the deck half-dazed,
Men, wan with hopes long lost,
Stought men, gaunt, tempest-tossed,
Men, who in those weeks crowded fateful years
Men, gray from days of wild, demoniac fears,
Men, tortured with the wracking, haunting dread,
That they would glide from ocean's uttermost
bound,

Into abysmal chasms, where powers no more
Impelled the winds to breathe upon the spheres,
Drove suns to gyrate in their intrenched orbs,
Which now glared swooning on stale, stagnant seas,
Where gaping space itself would gasp for room
And time could turn the emptied glass no more.

How breathless, mute, they stood,
Eyes straining for a glimpse of land,
Conjecturing what bewildering wonders new
May be enfolded in the rosy lap of dawn
When she unrobed herself unto the blushing East
Unbosoming her secrets to that rising orb,
Who with one regal glance ubiquitous
Dissolves the fairy fabric of night's magic web
And on the forehead of awakened morn
Emblazoned there a million-jewelled crown.

Ah how they blessed their fearless admiral then,
How they caressed him in transported joy,
How they exalted e'en the hem of his salt-laved
gown,
From which beamed haloes of divinity.
But yesterday in frenzied mutiny,
In wild delirium of a mad despair,

They seized him with loud cries, "Overboard!"
Now seemed he some miraculous wonder-working
seer,

Some prophet towering o'er their minion minds,
Who safely piloted their perilous pilgrimage,
Through shark-teethed waves and through sea-ser-
pents' crushing coils.

The admiral stood there silent, while the tears,
Through which thought cast the first world-wide
surveying glance,
Showed by their rainbow hues what in his bosom
swelled,

While through his surging veins there pulsed again
The ghosts of struggling years and poignant pangs
Of harsh rebukes gnawed at his heart once more.
Here was the dream that he so long had dreamed;
Here was the light that lit his clairvoyant soul;
The light that wise men mocked, that rulers ridi-
culed;

The light that would enlighten future worlds,
Embellish thrones to which he bowed unheard.
Now will they hold his name in hateful scorn?
Will school boys hoot him on the street?
Will old men spurn him as he passes by?
Will learned men denounce him as a lunatic
And churchmen shun him as a heretic?

He'd show them who possessed the mad man's
brains;
He'd show them why he stood a towering mountain
peak

Amid the taunting jeers of fellow countrymen,
Who lived in costumes old as time is old.

On him as on the lofty mountain peak
God smiled and whispered eons of subjected truths.
And who can clip the wings of soaring truth?
Entomb it in a vaulted sepulchre,
Or laugh out its existence by a thick-lipped laugh?
Its shorn wings feather out in fuller plumes,
It springs like lightning from confining tombs
And plants chagrin on laughter e'er the echo dies.
No ruthless barbarism can trample down its fanes,
No superstition banish it by dungeon gloom
Or by the torturous fire of the stake.

How wondrous welcome that prophetic light
Streamed on those sails from earth's far hemisphere,
First greeting of the new world to the old
And in that greeting beamed a world's new morn.
For ages slumbering in dark ocean's arms,
It lay there like a giant, fondled child,
Petted with many a soft, caressing tide,
And soothed by the gentle lappings of the bays,
And many rivers spread their silvery streams
Over the verdant bosom of her plains,
Embellishing them with their forked winding ways.
Full many conjured cloud from vaporous caves
Created in the airy dome of space,
Refreshed the inland prairies with their summer
showers,

As if the ocean wished to revel in such charms alone
And leave the savage with his dozen tribes,
Chase down the wild beasts there forevermore
In endless wilderness of wood and plain.

What recompense did flattering reward,
Snail-footed dispenser of rosy promises,

Pour round the brow of this uncrowned adventurer,
This bold discoverer of unknown worlds?
The sword, impatient with its keen edge sheathed,
Cuts itself into popularity with its own edge,
Clipping the laurels with the selfsame blow
That forged its undisputed might in power,
Accomplishments of mind, reserved and shy
Must wait until the superstitious, wary world,
Rutted in customs, old as thought is old,
Wakes up and opens its eyelids to the dawn,
And tears away the veil of darkness with which she
Enwraps herself to hide her childish fears
From the mysterious working of the universe,
Which she not knowing trembles at and fears.
Uplift the world with altruistic soul,
And slow-winged fame comes perching on your bier,
Tickle men's minds with cheap chicanery
And you've won instant notoriety.

Old world rank with your foul diplomacies,
Jealous of faintest breath of liberty,
Which like a breeze on flowers may make their hues
Eager to shed their fragrance on more spacious
fields,
Or like unopened hearts, touched by sweet mercy's
hand,
Unlock their chambers to the soft, uplifting light.
Old world, which thrust this daring soul in chains,
Who for you sails unfurled and found new worlds,
This act was e'er the birth of liberty,
For through the echoing valleys loud it rang,
From river's marge it echoed wrathfully,
And from the sheeted water of the lake

It rolled back to the leafy forests' deeper depths,
That never more in all that stretch of shore,
Could tyranny set foot with its enslaving chains.

No sigh of bondage finds enraptured voice
In breath of breezes blowing o'er free lands,
Where scoffed at freedom, raises scornful frown
From tenderest flowers, flushed with fragrant hues.
The slumbering hills rise in volcanic rage
At slightest shadow of oppression's cloud,
Transforming sunlight to the lightning's fire
And roar back with wrathful thundering,
The vibrant echoes to the valley's depths,
Where not well domiciled in paradisiacal haunts,
Rolls o'er the plains an exile's haven to find,
But snatched up by the whirlwind's scornful might
And torn to tatters by its furious blast,
Seeks refuge in the forest's verdurous gloom,
Where murmuring boughs whispering words of
scorn,

Send it chagrined forth from its shadowy bowers
And to the ocean piloting its riddled wings,
Finds that its ceaseless roar, forevermore,
Is but the groaning of a vanquished exile's tomb,

Oh endless winding valleys, gorgeous vales,
Where blessed tranquility startles at the breath
Of violets' evening fragrance on the breeze,
Illimitable forests wild, where no ear hears
The deer's swift canter o'er the autumn leaves;
Where giant mountain peaks befriend the moon
And with their belts of glacier, chain themselves
To earth to keep their sublime poise among the
clouds.

Oh land of thousand streams let loose from hills
That they might make the jointed wheat grow tall
And put in apple blossoms brighter hues;
Oh trellised mossy bowers, where the mocking bird,
Consummate melodist of startling airs,
Charms mid-day breezes into silence by the trill
Of amorous love songs bursting from some hidden
bough,

Beneath whose shaggy arms, the opening flowers
Fill all the leafy dells with fresh perfume.
Oh later Eden, how triumphant in democracy,
How blissful in unconscious liberty.

There are the endless rolling prairies, like
An untamed sea with its once surging billows stilled,
For ages frozen in their last upheaval, mute,
But glorious in their static, congealed state.
Still rippling o'er their brows, luxuriant grasses
green,

Dance to the West wind's soft susurrant monody,
And on the sunlit slopes, knee-deep in meadows
wide,

The herds browse peacefully on luscious grass
Or filled, lie down through sultry heat of noon,
While like a fairy host the clouds sail by
Borne on the pinion of their magic wings
And cast cool shadows o'er the heated land.

Ye teeming plains, cut with the plow's deep share
As the wild main is plowed by liner's prow
And crossed by many furrows here and there
As fields were laid out by the pioneer.
There ripening grain lifts high its golden head
Or bows down gently to the treasured load.

There reapers clatter in these waving mines of gold,
And lay the yellow sheaves on stubbles glowing in
the sun,

While bare-armed gleaners with perspiring brows
Heap up the long rows in the sultry harvest heat,
And on the gathered sheaves, the silent breeze
With arms full of fragrance lies asleep.

The tasseled maize gleams there row after row,
Now half-aslumber in the bright, unclouded sun,
Then gently tossing its awakening arms
It rustles blandly in the passing gust,

Breathed from the shaded valley, where the groves
Sway round the farmstead in their summer glee.
Foul famine with its jutting eyes and hollow cheeks
Will never flap its skeleton wings here,
Nor ragged want reach out its skinny hand
Hiding its tattered scandals from men's sight the
while.

Like massive clouds far-pillared against the sky,
The mountains, basking in the sun's majestic beam
Rise in their stern, colossal sublimity,
Their giant shoulders wrapt in purple clouds,
Which sift their glistening snows upon their hoary
heads

And crown them on their bleak, eternal thrones,
With crowns of silver studded with bright stars.
Sublimely towering in propitious heavens at times,
Then when the lurid lightning cleaves the livid sky
Riving the air with sudden burst of flame,
And leaps from peak to peak in fitful rage
And echoes of wild thunder are thrown back
From cliff to cliff with prolonged resonance,

They stand their fierce conductors of the storm,
With magic baton, lengthening out this flash
Or checking that, or making that loud peel more
loud

And muffling that one with their Titan hands.
Giant guardians of earth's housed treasures they,
Coal in whole plains make floors on which they
stand,

The silvery seams hold down their mantle's folds
And glowing gold bejewels their hidden hands.

Beyond the mountains, oceans with their cease-
less roar,

Forever battle with the unrelenting shores,
Rolling their billows round the stubborn cliffs,
Or piling up vast sand-bars in their unquelled rage.
As if endangered that unmovable earth
Should fix a limit to their boundaries.

Broad streams, like silvery serpents, glide
Through fertile plains and o'er the rolling prairies
wild,

And brooks enfringed with mossy coolness and the
breath

Of violets slumbering on their sedgy brinks,
Lose their soft windings in the thicket's maze.
Now calm the sea, now stirred by whirlwinds' might,
Its bosom ruffles in the storm's wild sweep,
And dashing spray against the darkened sky
Fierce wrestles with the anger of the winds
As if to show beneath its glassy depths
Hot fury lurks, when once its wrath is roused.
What mighty fleets plow through the parting foam,
Flowering their pathway with its lily hues;

What endless cargoes back and forth across its
bosom ply,
Unload their stores and load up waiting freight
again.

Ten thousand sails bound for all marts of trade,
Ten thousand laden prows returning to their ports
again.

Beside the shore the nation's pulses throb,
Those feverish hearts hot beating evermore,
And with their ceaseless moil, a busy hum
Of thousand industries fills all the air,
The wheels of which but murmur "on and on."
Here flows the treasures of the snow-capped hills,
Here gathers all the riches of prairie empires,
Here pours the wealth of teeming, fertile plains,
And once transformed by magic processes,
By magic mills turned by invisible fairy hands
Is sent broadcast again in manifold forms.
From deep-delved stone the malleable iron flows,
From flinty ore streams forth the mellow gold,
From the sheep's fleece the broad cloth fibre glows,
And from the worm's woven cocoon,
Is reeled the silk that rustles in the princess' gown.
Oh fitful feverish hearts, forever wake,
Forever throbbing as if on your pulse
Hung destinies of uncreated worlds.

O'er all this vast dominion, blessed Liberty
Unfurls its banner's folds, unsullied to the breeze.
The mountains, massive and majestic,
Look from their watch towers on the emblem's hue,
And check the arm of frightful insolence
Before it leaves its ugly imprint there.

The plains and prairies wave their groves and
grains, their grass

In adoration of the bright unquenchable light!

The valleys echo paeons in its praise,

Borne on the amorous odors of fresh fragrance
mild,

While clouds in exultation flash forth fire.

And loose the thunders from their cavernous abodes,
Stern voice of heaven in approval loud.

Triumphing hymning loud above discordant
chants!

Oh how delightfully your echo falls

Upon delirious ears of an awearied world,

Like glorious chant of nightingale to him who comes
Home from lone wandering in Sahara sands.

Oh light, which never wanes! Oh wondrous beam!

How sweetly falls your lustre on the upward
looking eye,

As precious as some sudden bursting beam

Through dusty crevice of a dungeon wall,

To him who languishes on its dark floor,

As welcome as the land, which dawn upheaves

To shipwrecked sailor's dim, despairing eye.

The world beholds the light for lo, they come!

The beam restored the sight to blinded eyes,

Long hooded by dread spectres of a tyrant's wand.

A seething horde, a motley throng they come,

Oppressed fugitives from land of heartless Czars,

Where despotism says the word and life is stilled;

Broad-shouldered Teuton, whose humanity

Has long been sacrificed on altars of a soulless
state;

The sun burned denizens of Southern climes
From whose dark eye soft romance loves to peer
On unexpressed love-intrigues but new dreamed;
And stout men of the bleak and frozen North
On whose broad brow adventure sits with plans of
new exploits.

Smiles play upon their lips with bright uplifting
beam,

As round them pour the odorous fragrance of free
aris.

A hundred races here, brush elbows in the crowd,
Gaze in each other's eyes and feel at home.

And may those tiger passions, which in their
home land,

Ongoaded by oppression's prod, gnawed at their
heart

And sought a vent by some revengeful stroke,

Some mad act of infuriated minds,

Be blown back o'er ocean and from salty depths,

Snapped up by shark teeth and there find a grave,

Or by the weir-wolf in his weedy lair

Crouching for chances to feed fury more.

Barbarian instincts wild; fierce traits of savagery,

And serpent looks of sinister dealings foul,

And vandalism's fell, unquenched lust,

May they be chained to the embarking shores

Ne'er to sink poisonous fangs into our budding hopes.

Thus thou great Goddess, brushing the blue skies
With thine eternal arm upheld aloft,

So that mankind may see thine ever shining beam,

Which with electric sparkling lights the world,

Art the glad light for which the prophets prayed,

Light which stars envy on their diamond thrones,
Pouring their radiance forth to make thy lustre dim.
The veiled moon, half-hidden behind clouds,
Fearing to lose its beaming in thy brighter beam
Shows not its brilliance, while thy full flood flows,
For coeternal with the sun thou art,
Since it's the darkened world thy radiance doth
illuminate.

Shine! Pierce the gloom of an enslaved world!
Show lustful kings how hatred's gnashing teeth,
May be unfanged by gentle touch of love,
How swords no more may leave their sheaths for
blood,
And how a thousand years of peace may come.

THE CALL

I looked on earth's green pastures and the soft,
Luxuriant splendors of the golden valley's mellow
haze,

Diffused like new burned incense o'er their verdant
depths;

The lofty grandeur of the snow-capped peaks
Bare forehead, round whose dreamy temples hang
Caressing wreaths, wove by the fingers of the wind;
The sober sound of seas, forevermore

Resounding round bare, bleak, immovable cliffs,
Which push the mad waves back with Titan hands
Or battling roar, while fleeing from the hurricane's
wild might;

The stretch of streams through broad, illimitable
plains,

With liquid voice attuned to rustling of the corn
Whose rootlets feed upon their limped bays,
And to the sighing of the sunlit grass,
Which, decked in green, smiles on the water's blue,
Thrilled me with adoration for the glories of this
world,

Inspired me with the wondrous possibilities of life.

I saw the roses blushing to behold
Their tints reflected in the moon beam's silvery
smile,

And tender violets abashed to feel their blue
Kissed by the balmy lips of dewy airs,
Immaculate lilies bless the new-born breeze
That shook the dust from off their ivory leaves.

I heard the thrush pour forth his golden notes
Unto the gorgeous splendor of a sunset sky,
Melodious music blending with harmonious hues,
The wondrous mocking bird charm with its strain
The climbing moon from out a curtaining cloud.

Oh peaceful earth! Triumphant mother of ex-
ultant life,

Serene as thine own slumbering lakes in which the
hills

Lave their hot feet the sultry summer long;
In which the gnarled oaks for centuries
Have watched their branches wrestle with the wind
And sprinkled acorns round the pebbly brink;
In which the passing cloud looks with a flattering
eye,

High-housed aloft on unseen pinnacles of air
And pauses to arrange its shaggy, wind blown form;
In which the moon casts down each night its maiden
beam

To see if it has waned the long day through.

But as beneath the slumbering surface of the
sea

The savage shark, plows through its salty depths
Blood in his eye, death gnashing from relentless
teeth,

As deep beneath the petals of the fragrant rose
The ravenous worm blights its fresh budding bloom,
As into starlit folds of quiet flocks

While sleep has spread its poppy on the shepherd's
brow

The fierce wolf leaps with murder raving on his
foaming jaws,

So in the heart of civilization's ripening flower,
A fiend, while slyly sipping of its honey dew
Was burying its poisonous fangs unseen
Producing cankerous growth upon the very bud
From which kind nature many taints removed.
A Mephistopheles, yea, bargaining the soul
Of peaceful, loving realms, approved of heaven
For resurrected dreams of might and world domain,
Which long had been exiled from non-barbarian
minds

And slept for ages in self-sealed sepulchres
With outworn creeds and outlived principles.

What sound with gentle heaving sighs
So somberly prophetic round my listless ears,
Like murmur of some cosmic heaving, dreamily
Reverberated in the pearly labyrinth
Of some contorted conch's rosy beaded hall
Incrystaled on some calm bay's winding marge,
Bathed in the splendor of a full moon's ray?
Is it some bold manœuvre of a Titan God
Eternally enthroned on some gyrating sphere?
Some swinging of his hand, some tossing of his head,
Which vibrates through etherial spaces thus?
Or night mare groans escaping from his breast,
Terrific blasts within their range, but spreading out
Into remoter space, fade and become
But infant's sighs, a momentary breeze
Caused by the flapping of a butterfly's soft wing?

And as I listen, swimming into view,
A star with bright meteoric flash,
With sudden illumination of the skies
Darts through the frozen depths of unmapped zones,

And leaves a path like bright wine poured,
From ancient jars in which long seasons stored,
Upturned by swart hand of some suave Egyptian
queen.

Undimmed still the glow bright glimmers these,
Like brilliant flickering of Northern Lights
On cold eternal snows of arctic zones.

It stays as if it were some sacred scroll unrolled
By unseen hands and with a glowing jewel pinned

Upon the silver beams of some convenient star.

And now a blazing comet brushes out its flimsy
tail,

Erratic wanderer among more constant spheres,
Befeaed Leviathan of unbounded space,
So flagrant in its sudden forwardness
As if it would dash Vesper from his throne
And swish a dozen more enthroned stars,
From out their old, unchangeable orbit's course
With one swift, million-miled swing
Of its mushroom appendage thinned out over space,
Like firey banner streaming in the air it rushes on.
Leading invisible forces o'er highways of heaven,
Passing the constellations with such wild terrific
sweep,

It fans their fires into a brighter blaze,
And widely opens their eyes in a bewildered gaze.

And now dark clouds with their own fury swollen,
Pregnant with churning tempest's untried might
Rise and spread o'er the beacon's brilliant beam.
Chaffing like Phaethon's steeds the prancing leaders
fly,

Wild Boreas guiding them with streaming winds,
for unseen reigns,

Urging them on with forked lightning's lash
And with the roar of thunder's trembling might.
And as the chariot thunders o'er the echoing airs,
Up flash the glowing sparks beneath the whirling
wheels;

Forth shoots the lurid lightning, like silver veins
Phosphorescent in the ebony fabric of the skies.

Up higher, higher in the heavens they roll,
Purple with wrath and green with fierce destruc-
tion's scourge,

And surge on near the fields of easiest toll,
To fury goaded by the whirlwind's caged wrath,
Lashed by chain lightning's intermittent scourge,
And fired by uncontrollable electric might.

Let loose from vaporous caves the thunders roll
Their deafening challenge to the couchant earth
Which hides its trembling life beneath its spreading
wing,

While round the peak already whirls the hurricane
And tearing from its roots the aged ash
Bears it aloft o'er valleys and o'er hills.

Oh terrifying rumbling! Ominous sound!
Oh dread subaltern groans, blent with the din
Of thunders deafening roar and swish of lashing
hail.

No sigh now plays about my fully wakened ears;
No breeze produced by flap of butterflies' soft wings
Bears incense to my well aweared nerves.
Tis now the tremor of an earthquake's might,
Tossing men's temples in a playful rage,

The roar of fierce volcano's resurrected wrath,
Rejuvenated, after quiet suns for centuries,
Have basked their rays within the cratered depths
Beneath its seething pit the while
Its smothered anger smoldered with its might un-
quelled,

What is that nimble form, which suddenly shoots
Forth from the darkness of contending elements,
And dashes like a roe, torn by pursuing hounds,
Like bleeding fawn by eagle's talons clawed,
And at my side exhausted halts her race,
While from her eyes delirious glances leap
And on the paleness of her cheek with merciless
hold,

Pain gloating on her agony, twitches and writhes?

Her hair disheveled by the furious blast
As if escaping fear cling to her shoulders close.
From out of the depths of tears, which on her cheeks,
Gleam like dew on shrouds of belated ghosts,
Whom morning frightens with its rosy gleam,
Fright stares with wild delirious glancing eyes.
While at its side despair lags with bowed head.
The red drops, trickling down her bruised breast
Are not the crimson of a sunset sky,
Fresh poured o'er clouds of delicate intricacies.
But is the glare alighting all the murky sky,
On midnight when alarmed citizen's behold their
homes ablaze.

With arms extended she kneels and passionately
pleads.

"Oh where is there a refuge on the turbulent
earth?

Where is Compassion's feathered pillow on which I
May rest my bruised and unmantled head?
Where is caressing balm's soft mitigating touch
To which these wounds may plead for soothing
myrrh?

My unprotected hands have left their warm blood
Upon the edge of cold Damascus blades,
My body has been blown upon the thorns of life,
And pierced by briers of inhumanity
My feet are blistered by the sharp-edged stones
O'er which I fled on long and treacherous ways,
My eyes in which the tear of sorrow clings
Grow dark, as darksome as the fiends pursuing
me."

"Where are the jewels, which once my breast
adorned?

Ah lost and widely scattered in the mad foray.
Jewels, plucked not greedily from mankind's hand,
But given me for services rendered humanity.
Here hung a sapphire, truth awarded me,
Here blazed a ruby golden love hung there,
There glowed an agate duty wooed me with.
There shone an emerald courage fastened there.
Protect me and the loss of these I'll make seem
small,

For newer services I'll render men,
Will make all coral reefs beneath the waves.
Inadequate to price your gratitude.

Oh help me or I perish, I faint, I bleed, I die,
Breathe on these wounds some fragrant balm,
Distilled from nectars of flowers' frankincense,
Seasoned by animated fragrance of generous souls;

Stop up this blood with bright, ungilded lily leaves
Of mercy garnered in a true, unselfish heart,
Anoint my feet, my hands, with holy oils of sympathy
Still unpolluted by the fangs of hate;
Press on my feverish brow a dewy wreath,
Braided by friendly fingers of benevolence
And dipped into cool fountains of unselfishness,
Oh find some balm! My brain with fever burns!

Nowhere is respite, dragons of the air
Dart at me with their avaricious beaks,
If refuge beckons me to harbor there;
Fierce serpents of the sea, hell hounds turned loose,
Mad weir-wolves, hybrids of weird mongrel brutes,
Rend my poor bosom, if my bark of grief I sail
Upon its blue for solace and repose.
On land the bayonets' gleam, the shriek of bursting
shell,

Break in upon my momentary solitudes,
Making my life successions of grim agonies.

Oh find me refuge, harbor me
Within the bosom of thine old time love!"

E'er I could stoop to soothe her burning brow.
And breathe a world of comfort to her soul,
I saw a million muscular arms outstretched
Unto her bleeding, mutilated form
And from the gathering throng a shout uprose,
"Blessed Liberty we hear thy cry, we come,
Fly to our arms, we'll harbor thee,
We'll find a refuge for thy bruised limbs
And plunge a dagger in the cruelty,
Which hounded thee o'er dizzy, treacherous ways.
In Belgium were your powers paralyzed,

By brutal onslaughts of vainglorious savagery;
In Northern France thy tender arms were bruised
By piercing briers of cruel barbarity;
In Poland were thy sides bedaggered thus
By heartless spears of inhumanity;
In Servia were thy feverish brow unwreathed
And on them pressed a crown of piercing thorns.
Oh fly into our arms, we'll be thy vassal knights,
Thy proud protectors and fair proteges."

We saw the talons of inhuman torture gripe
Her innocent form and stood too horrified to strike
An enraged blow at fierce oppression's frightfulness.

We heard her call but to the pity of her cries
No response came from our astonished lips.
Distraction drew a veil before our eyes
That in our lethargy we could not see truth's
awfulness,

And listlessness stuffed languor in our ears
That terrible sounds were but a fairy's stir,
Within the perfumed atmosphere of shaded dells.
Not till she swept upon us like a fleeing dove.
With red drops dripping from her bruised brow,
Did we awaken to the consciousness of her despair.

Where is the pale faced courage that would
shrink

From kissing this devoted lady's lily hand
She would outstretch for routing her cruel sevit-
tors?

Where is procrastinating fear that still will stare
Into the heavenly blue of her wild, pleading eye,
Out of whose depths smiles of celestial gratitude

Would beam on those, who wrested her from brutal
foes?

Where's unawakened duty, that will sit
With arms folded at the feet of negligence
And puff his pipe, while through the stricken world,
Ruin runs riot and like a willful child
Now devastates that which he cherished formerly?

Then rescue with its subdued anger all aflame,
With keen determination in its flashing eyes.
Raises its strong right arm in firm command
And leads the host against the hated tyranny.
Nay not as conqueror it comes, for flash of swords
No more has bright reflection in the smiles of
heaven,

But from the angry spark of non-approval's brow
Is flashed back with the glow of stern reproof
As signal of outlived necessity,
For fame and honor no more deck the sword with
laurel wreathes.

No, not as conquerors, but as a force
To pluck the cankerous growth from out the world,
So that no more it bursting will deluge
Earth with the blood of innocence and purgatory of
pain.

THE BROKEN BOW

I watched the sun spread out its golden hands
And scatter flakes of emerald on the bosom of the
clouds,

And hang his scarlet draperies aloft
Upon the rosy pinions of their brightening hues
Thus curtaining off the world in which he has en-
throned

Dew sceptered sleep and soft-crowned, unrobed rest,
From that celestial realm, which still he sweeps
With undimmed radiance of eternal eyes.

I saw his flaming head with glowing locks
Lean on the sapphire pillars, shooting forth
From gentle flashing of the mountain's lily brow,
And wrapping o'er his form the folds of clouds
Breathes forth a poppiéd incense on the darkening
world

And like an actor, showered with rosy wreathes
Retires serenely from his boundless stage.

Upon the rosy bosom of the clouds,
I see the fires of our race aglow,
Not passion, puffing with hot nostrils wide,
Nor beaming hope with lustrous eyes aflame,
But drops of life blood oozing from our weakening
veins

Which throbbing with vitality once laughed
To see the terror-stricken usurper
Flee from the pathway of our arrow's deadly flight.
And in the red rays of the mellowing sun
I see our fainting spirit pine away
And gasp for calm revivifying airs

Breathed from the golden valleys of fair hunting
grounds.

No more will noonday suns, look on our noon of
life

With fresh hope beaming from his undiminished
ray,

With vigor brimming o'er the cup of unaccomplished
deeds

And faith with beckoning hand wave on
Exulting spirits to valorous deeds.

The noonday of our life is past and now

We languish ever in the sunset's passive maze

Through which the luring hand of distant shades

Reach forth with gestures of suspended doom.

No more the languid moon rubs dew drops
from his eyes

When blinded by the flood of heaven's light

And sends a laughing beam down through the leafy
boughs

Upon our campfires revelry or on the din

Of trampling war dance with its dreaded whoop,

Or on the wreathed smoke where quiet peace

Sat curled and hearkened to our intercourse.

No more the sleepless stars on summer nights

Watch o'er our slumbers and make pleasant dreams

Lead off our spirits to far fairy lands,

And guard our wigwams from avenging foes.

The white man's way is not the red man's way,

Nor is the red man's way the white man's way.

The pale face boasts of blessed democracy,

Which no man yearns for but what he is free,

Yet stronger nations still enslave the weak.

Captivity blinks at us with its downcast eye
And dagger glances furrowing eternal wounds
Through injured pride, burns flaming through our
brain.

Chained freedom pines within its dungeon walls
And gropes about for sweet deliverance,
While weight of cumbersome customs and alien
laws

Hang on our soul's affliction, as a cage
Fetters the spirit of the wild bird's joyous note.

Now calls the great White Father from his East-
ern home,

And says the dogs of war are ravishing the earth,
That nations are imperiled by great woe
And liberty's loved strong hold is assailed,
That on the top of civilization's pinnacle
Delirium sits and at the head of reason hurls
Dread thunderbolts of grim defiance down,

Then on the cushion of sweet mercy's seat
He spits hate with foaming jaws apart, loud snarls

And at the lily bosom of unvengeful love
Flashes his fangs with wild looks in his staring eye.
To us what are the white man's jealousies?

What are the profound reaches of his delving mind?
What are the arched temples with their marble
halls

In which proud beauty sits enthroned, Narcissus
like

And pines at its own beaming loveliness
Reflected in resplendant mirrored walls?
What are the flights of Vinci or of Angelo

Who breathed life in cold marble or on canvas
blazed
Dreams slumbering in God's bosom centuries un-
expressed?
What is the golden page in which lie sealed
The precious life blood of a master spirit's muse?
What are the speechless messages of air,
The wheels of industry on which vain luxury
Keeps its propelling fingers on?
What are the dignities of jurisprudence with its
pomp
Where justice sits with scales aloft in hand
Ready to weigh the differences of men?
For us the full moon sprinkling his soft beams
Upon our wigwam's willow-studded dome,
The great trees reaching out their giant hands
And with their subdued voices conjuring forth
The dryads and the host of ariel's following
Create more beauty for us than Venus to eager
Grecian eyes.
For us the pine trees strumming with their fragrant
fingers on
Invisible harp strings of the answering airs,
Transcends the divine tones of superb symphonies
Breathed from the soul of music and diffused
By magic baton of a master's hand.
The beaver and the bee, migrating birds,
The hue of clouds the dew drops hanging on the
rose,
Sap oozing from the maple, changeful wail of winds,
The ocean chaffing round unmovable cliffs,
Teach us more wisdom than the white man's lore.

The fires of our heart tells us when we are wronged,
The virtues of our souls tell us when others are in
the right.

No robed prelate need adjust our woes
No pompous justice need redress our wrongs.
For knowledge without wisdom's guiding light
Oft stoops to folly's infelicities,
While wisdom without learning's legended lore
Oft shuns the pitfalls of alluring snares.

Now comes the call for our young men to bare
Their bosoms to the fury of avenging hate
To go where death grabs in its skeleton hands
The fardels in which writhe convulsed wrath
Eager, upon the lily breast of hope,
To vent destruction's, fierce demoniac lust
And shatter virtue with its furies wild.
They're called to wade through rivers red with
gore,

In which hot, seething hate and anger surge,
Let out of civilization's unprotected gate,
A civilization, which uncivilizes still.
For did not signs from heaven, the darkened sun,
The thunder and the tremor of the shaking earth
Flight of weird fowls, oft stay the hand of savage
men?

The pale-faced warrior fears not God, nor heeds not
man.

But tries to make his own meek might supreme,
Therefore must fall before the spirit's wrath.
Who seeks to transcend God, opens the door of
hell.

There was a time we kept our bow strings tight
And needed not much provocation from an enemy
Before the rattle snake skin filled with arrows bore
A challenge to the haughty transgressor.
The fierce war whoop in which the race's wrath
Pronounced its right unto the listening sky,
Fell just as welcome on our wakening ears
As the soft songs of feast and revelry.
The quiver shouldered for the war path's bloody
trail,

In which the scalp was trophy of a victory,
Was borne as gleefully as in the chase,
When like the wind we darted on the deer
And sped our arrows faster than his flight,
When the wild wolf repaired unto his den,
Rather than show his teeth unto our bold advance,
When the huge bear hied to the forest's depths
Fearing to face our huntsmen's deadly aim.

And when the fierceness of our strength was deadliest,

The sun was darkened by our arrow's flight
And like a storm cloud furrowing through the
air

Dealt havoc on the region where they fell.
Oft were the moon beams pierced by their sharp
edge,

As on the perfumed air their course was steered,
And starlight oft was shattered with their whirr
As like a silver beam they glanced along,
But now our bow is broken and unstrung
The white man looks upon the sun and from its
rays,

Draws powers incomprehensible to the red man's
mind.

He looks upon the heavens and his big canoes
Sail o'er the ocean safe to distant ports;
He looks upon the clouds and thunders roll;
He digs into the earth and finds the fire
That sends his bullets unseen through the air.
He knows the power of the spirit's strength
And now our bow has lost its ancient might.

No, fear hangs not about our fallen brow,
The sound of battle does not chill our blood,
Nor does the war whoop of an enemy,
Drive terror in our subdued soul,
Nor has the strangeness of the white man's way
Sapped out the strength of our vitality.
But we are in the sunset of our life.
The nightingale sings for us now and not the
lark,

The owl floats over us in noiseless flight
Instead of the proud eagle glorying in his strength,
The coyote howls for us his twilight call
Where wolf was wont to snarl from daylight lair.
And we should fight. Where is our land?
Where is our country? Where the land, where
bees

Once for our winter's larder honey stored?
Where is the land, where endless woodlands wild
Kept camp fires of our nation glowing bright?
Where are the plains where first we sowed the
maize

And put the sweet potato in the ground,
And tilled tobacco for our pipe of peace?

Where is the prairie over which the buffalo
Roamed in the bright days of his flourishing
Thick as the grass on which the great herds grazed?
Where are the forests where the beaver built his
dam

And where the deer fled from our arrow's flight?
Where are the autumn skies, through which in long
profile

The wild geese honked the whole day through?

These realms were ours once. Long days and
days

We could trudge on and still could find no end
Unto our vast dominions. Towards the East
Where the great sun each morning rubs his dewy
eyes

And starts his journey cross the firmament,
Good many moons could travel and still could not
come.

Unto the rosy land of sunrise ever fair.
Unto the West, where every night the sun enfolds
His form in ruddy folds of clouds,
We could journey the flowery summer long
And still not come unto the sunset land.

Toward the South whence come the warm winds
That puts the color in the fragrant rose,
We could weeks wander and still could not come
Unto the tropic land where the soft winds are
caved.

Toward the North whence come the chilly blast,
That sifts the cold snows o'er the frozen land,
We could on wander whole long seasons through
And yet not come unto the land of snows.

And now men wonder why the God of war
Steels not our arrows with their former might,
With their unconquerable deadliness of ancient
times,

Why hangs our quiver on the willow tree,
And why our bow lies on the ground unstrung,
But they do not consider that no more
We battle for possession of our hunting grounds
Or for the welfare of our enslaved race.
They do not see that patriotic fire
No more burns in our bosom as of yore;
They see not that we are an alien race
Within the very land where once our nation thrived.
The white man's spirit conjured ours away.
He comprehends things that we cannot know.
He lifts his mighty hand and fires burn,
He looks upon the air and winds begin to blow,
He talks to men a thousand miles away,
He drives an iron horse around the world,
And mingles with the clouds on woven wings,
We comprehend his ways not and are doomed.

The sunset of our days are come. The very
glow,
Which trembles on the bright clouds of the West,
Also illuminates the farther Eastern gates
Of our long cherished hunting grounds.

THE EXODUS

Arise, ye pale faced hordes with hollow eyes,
Shapes dusky with the darkness of your doom,
Forlorn images of men that were;
Rise and look out upon the sunlit skies,
No longer grown beneath hot, hobbling chains,
The bolts have fallen from the dungeon doors.

Ay, stand there stunned and speechless with surprise,
With lips apart in mute astonishment.
Ye that ne'er felt the thrill of freedom's throb,
How can ye grasp the golden promises
Of an eternal fête of liberty?
A murmur, you went to Siberian wilds,
A prayer for light and you were thrust in chains,
A cry for freedom and your souls were doomed.
Oh wonder not that whirlwinds of revenge
Thus shook foundations of a tottering throne
And let the light stream through these battered doors.

There is a silence; a light in questioning eyes;
Spasmodic tears; a shuffling of the feet
A tugging at the outlawed manacles,
Then cries of exultation from the crowd
Burst like a thunder peel upon the winds,
The plaudits of a throng of new-born men,
Wild with new hopes, new dreams, new destinies.
A hundred thousand souls delivered! Thus
Stern justice rises with its crushing might!

The rivers and the valleys and the steppes,
The cities and the forests and the fields,
Rejoice as to their haunts the exiles file
And in prophetic voices hail them thus:
"Destroy not, nor oppress, seek not revenge,
But lead, and formulating dreams, fulfill
The loftiest visions of your high ideals,
Dreams borne of justice, honor and of truth
And relegating passions, hatred, pride.
Look for the best in men, which when you find,
The worst will not be irremediable.
Oh cherish well your new won liberties,
Pregnant with unknown perils and new fears."

TIME'S BURST OF DAWN

Downtrodden generations, million wrongs
Curse loud the tyranny, which tread you down
And keep the heel upon your liberty.
That stoop, the world's unpardonable tragedy,
Heaped up with scoffs and curses of proud rank
Which laughs to see your destinies obscure,
Bows with the burden of the centuries.
Long slaves to autocratic regimes,
Which but administers to selfish ends,
And puppets to the despot's ruthless power,
Which looks with lustful eye upon the world,
By greater darkness pressed on in the dark,
By weightier woes pushed deeper in your woe,
How long will you be minions to man's might?

Age after age, but trampled on you more
And hounded down each little spark of fire
That kindling it might not blaze forth and show
The plight that you for ages listless bore.
But rouse the stupor from your misled minds,
For by snail-paced degrees, the lingering light
Fought back by darkness, blacker than the shade
Of the most terrible thought in freedom's breast,
Has sent its ray upon truth's towering peak
And lights despairing looks in hungry eyes.

Oh! God! the long, long vigils hot with pain.
The balmless miseries with downcast looks
The heartaches, bittered by unjust rebukes,
The ceaseless struggle with no goal in view,

Have put the pallor there, the vacant stoop,
Which makes him like the things from which he
sprang,

An ape-like creature of the eons past.
See how his hands reach downward toward the
ground.

The more his shoulders stoop, the brows slant back,
The more he takes the form of things outlived.
Oh lords take heed! some day these shapes will
turn

And torture you into ten thousand deaths,
He cowers now, but some day he will strike,
There are the splendors and the glories yea,
The palace and the gorgeous promenade,
The loaded larder and the flowing robes,
The contumacious look on those below,
While here lean hunger stalks with sunken eyes
And tattered poverty shrinks back in shame
And timid homage cowers at the feet
Of those who can give life or quench its flame.

Was this the dream that the creator dreamed
When he laid out the empires of the world
And peopled them by breathing clods to life?
Were not they all raised from the dust equal
And equal turn again unto the dust
No favor shown to emperor or clown?

Oh slumbering giant awake and burst thy chains.
For thou art strong, but ignorant of thy might,
And when the wrongs of thousand bitter years
Rise in thy soul what bonds can hold thee down?
For thou art then stern justice stirred to wrath

And what can stand before thy fearful might?
Awaken, yea, the light is on the hills
The day light breaks, the time to strike has come.
Let this be fulfilled dreams, which prophets told
The longed millennium, Time's Burst of Dawn.

FORSAKEN

Where is the sunny South with perfumed breath,
Which wafts its golden treasures on her charms?
Where is the beaming East with laughing step
Which from her alabaster temples lift
The flaxen locks with gentle, amorous touch?
Where is the buxom spirit of the morn,
Which on her cheek beams with its rosy bloom
And brims with ruddy freshness on her lips?

Onced moved she with a swan like grace
that charmed

The very air in which her lithe limbs stirred;
Once gilded she her blushes with the hues
Of roses prest 'twixt beauty's finger tips
Until quintessence of rare loveliness
Embraced her with immortal charms divine;
Once painted she the ermine round her brow
With powdered lily leaves, crushed by the flap
Of fluttering moth's soft, noiseless, mealy wing.
Hilarious notes of spring peeled in her laugh
And summer suns beamed in her winsome smile,
While in her voice the murmuring wind soft sighed
And brooklets sunny echo suavely glowed;
Her eyes outshone the blue of summer skies
When languid evening airs enfold the hills;
Her brown locks made the rosy hue beneath
Beam with transcendent beauty more divine;
Her darkest frown glowed with more loveliness
Than the most artful smile of maiden's wiles.

But ah! alas! the silvery thread gleams there,
The lustre leadens in her beaming eye,
The rose bloom fadeth from her rosy cheeks.
The lily coarsens to a shallower hue.
Time has fled from his ivied balcony,
Where pleasure long caroused immune from care,
Where beauty languished, fed on thoughts of love,
Where popped dreams looked out upon the world
And magical wonders sprang from charmed thought,
And perching at the portals of decay
Sits with his ugly visage, serpent like
Eager to leave his imprint on the cheek
Which shudders most at his disfiguring hand.
September winds blow on the buds of May
And sere the green leaf with its autumn breath.
No more the South wind wafts from fragrant zones,
The buoyant airs of youthful languishment,
But from the North, the blustering storms sweep
And spring-time freshness, summer beauties fade.
Deliriously, with looks forlorn, she grasps
At vanishing fleetness of her fleeing charms
Like ghost-like arms embracing fleeting mists,
Impalpable to touch of grasping hand.
What's wealth or power or station to her now
When her most precious heirloom has since fled?

THE DESERT LAND

Forlorn I stood lost in the desert world,
While drifting sands piled round me in vast dunes
And darkness as from some dark sepulchre
Appalled my soul with its oppressive gloom.
Nor little comfort was there to be found,
Oases were now one wild waste and stretched
On bleak, in desolate monotony
Unhabited and uninhabitable.
What food there was, was bitter with rank airs
And nauseated men to gaze thereon,
Springs, were polluted with the stench of blood,
And where one gazed or paused there venomous
things

Came to him; holy objects and bright thoughts
Ne'er came to shed a light upon the brain.
No matter how he called, there echoed back
But ghoulish shrieks and fiendish threats in rage.

Men there were in the valleys, but such men!
Men who no more could reason in their minds,
Who with their swords unsheathed in wild stampede
Rushed on the nearest victim they beheld
Gashing each other's breast with cursings loud,
Oblivious to the fires which once burned there,
Unmindful of the heart, which so long throbbed
With high ambitions and ennobling love,
Of elevating mind, where reason sat
And shaped the destinies of growing worlds.
No work of man was spared, accomplishments
Of centuries, the dreams of master minds,
Things beautiful and noble, sacred things,

And holy heirlooms of the ages past
Were trodden under foot as worthless dross,
As if they were but dust blown by the wind
And not the product of long patient thought
The acme of advancement in the world.
All civilization seemed mere mockery.
Men's visions rose not from the carnage field,
Rose not beyond the circuit of their gaze,
The light had vanished from his soulless brains.

On to the Westward where the lowering sun
Cast its wierd rays upon a lurid stream,

Lay the unburied dead in ghastly heaps,
Half washed o'er by the stagnant flow of sand.
O'er head the vultures circled darkling round
And darted down to peck at cavernous eyes
And tear the flesh from limbs half hid in sedge
Or swollen by water seeped through miry sands.

All this men heeded not; theirs was no more
The dream of beauty and bright thoughts of home
And fair discourse of fond relationships,
But foul destruction seized their maniac brains
That they but longed to curse and to destroy.
Vile envy made them trample out all laws
Of humankind; all sense of right and wrong
Became distorted by their flagrant views
So they no longer prized another's life,
But crushed it out as if a fragile thing
Of no significant divinity.
Fierce hatred permeated all their deeds,
That blood became the passion of their souls
And murder was no longer called a crime
But sanctioned by the men in high command.

I looked round in the gloom, pale with despair,
While cold drops chilled the terror on my brow,
And in this nightmare I burst out aloud.

"My God! My God! hast thou forsaken us?

Forsaken man and thy created world?"

When lo, a voice came echoing in my ears

Above the shrieks, which answered loud my call!

"Despair thou not who dreamest yet fair dreams

Amidst the gloom of a chaotic world,

Such visions are but truths, rock bottom truths,

Which still survive when mad upstarts are quelled.

The dead there, dying as the beasts, yet live

And how they live depends on how they fought,

If for oppression or for liberty,

If marshalled on the side of right or wrong,

If zealous to upbuild or to destroy.

Who brought this hell on earth, darkening the
gleam

Of civilization's upward proud advance

Shall still be thrust in deeper hell than this

And groan out their existence in mad throes.

Think thou of brighter visions which have been,

And of the greater things, which are to be,

The present may but madden thy poor mind "

The voice ceased; multitudinous shrieks arose

From out of the valley; shrieks of desperate men

In their last effort to survive or fall,

And shuddering I breathed the swooning air

Not knowing where for refuge I should turn.

BUTTERFLIES

Bright golden wings, chameleon-colored wings,
Adorned with hues of flower, field, and wood,
White, yellow, crimson, pink vermillion, brown;
Illumined with the tints of sky and sea,
Blue, purple, gray, and shades of greenish tinge,
Whither so joyously? Whither away?

Dear childhood days, gay unencumbered days,
As buoyant as the lambent butterfly,
Which oft young revelers roused from nesting
flower,
As full of glee as is the summer sky
In which the sunlit colors flit and sail
Whither so rapidly? Whither away?

Sweet, youthful dreams, uncurled, fantastic dreams
As fervent as the gaudy wings are bright,
Which lure the dreamer over moor and mead,
Utopian as the gauzy wings are frail,
Which oft the oriole crushes in his beak,
Whither so lingerly? Whither away?

Fond youthful hopes, etherial, ardent hopes,
Inspiring as the perfume bearing breeze,
Which wafts these fairies o'er the flowery field,
Alluring as the rose to wandering bee,
Which aims for it avoiding brier and weed
Whither so tristfully? Whither away?

Bright golden wings, chameleon-colored wings,
Like childhood days, gay, unencumbered, free,

Could we feel less the weight of woe-filled years,
And keep akindled exuberant flame,
For from time's bourne a voice sounds forth anon,
"Whither so solemnly? Whither away?"

THE UNKNOWN REALM

Dew on a rose is music crystallized,
As moonbeams on a balmy summer night
Dancing upon the bosom of the lake
Keep secret watches for fairies' delight.
The mother fondling her young babe to rest
Unconsciously awakens the soul of song,
But hate! A fiery song of hate! Ah me,
The devil chants such ditties for his throng.

Does not the whiteness of the lily sing
Unto the rosy rays impearled in dew?
Does not the greenness of the murmuring pine
Make music to the skies celestial blue?
Does not the ocean's melancholy roar
Inchant the mountain's grandeur with its flow?
I know not in what rosy realms is found
The theme for song where hate its fangs doth show.

Does not humanity's redeeming hand
Reach forth across the seas, when unforeseen
Catastrophe swoops down on some lone land
And hurls destruction o'er its valleys green?
Does not the sun smile on the jungled wastes
As gently as on kultur's heathen blare?
He who with ruthless heart chants hymns of hate,
Shuns nature's music for the devil's choir.

FAMINE

Oh, monstrous spectre who with burning breath
Makes the wind hot as if from desert regions
blown,

The wind, which puts the withering blight in head-
ing wheat,

And makes the morning glory earlier close
Its lily chalice 'gainst the scorching blast,
Who dries the fountains at their very source,
That e'en the birds flit round with parched beak,
Oh have a mercy lest thy talons lift
Joy like a diamond from its nestling breast,
And leave but darkness, dearth and misery.

Cold with its blue-hued, chattering chill
Can clap its pinching hands together still
And start the glow of warmth through frozen veins;
Heat yet can dip its feverish head
Into the coolness of a bubbling spring
And poverty can tease unwilling alms
From overly complacent selfishness.
But with thee come a dull, impoverished cold,
Which radiating fires cannot make glow with
warmth;

A feverish heat from which no shady springs
Can purge the false, unnatural flush;

A ghastly poverty, which shoves aside
All glamor from the haughtiness of pride.
It is the subdued fever of despair.

Darkling the vultures hover o'er thy head,
Dark as the cloud from which their pinions sprang,
And watch thy skeleton hands winnow the chaff,
From which some fruitful kernels may yet fall.
New harvests reaped are not from sprouting seeds,
Which bring the golden grain and mellow fruit,
But are the propagations of the soul,
Bedaggered hearts and holiest bonds impaled.

WHICH?

One reaches out his terrible, mailed fist
To strike down nations, nothing sacred, meek
Can stay it from the end its might doth seek,
No tender eyes, no tears, no pleading, no trist.
The other to men's sorrowing soul doth list,
No prayer too beggarly, no faith too weak
No eyes too tearful and too wan no cheek
But what his cheer doth penetrate the mist.
One name shall be symbolic of fierce hate
Through all the ages yet interned by time
Despised traditions for men to relate,
The other exalted with a light sublime,
Will be the hero of a nobler fate
Forever lauded by legend and rhyme.

TO FRANCE

Out of the heart of sunlight's golden glow
Hope flashed, that steeled the stought unbending
will,

And trembling fear, which hides its pallid face,
When danger looms before its cowering eyes,
No more sought darkness its blanched cheek to hide,
But was transformed into a fearful might,
Which sweeps away all barriers from its path
Like cornered beast, which fights unto grim death.

The gift returns again unto the giver
As water from the ocean seeks again
The salty depths when freed from vaporous mists.
As mercy may rebuke hate's citadel
By soulful pleading of a radiant smile,
And make it float a banner from its towers
Proclaiming high resolved nobility.
With not a thought of threatened coercion
So Lafayette thy boost for liberty
Flowered forth a thousand fold in hundred ways,
Now rises in this crucial hour and gives
Its hands across the ocean to its protégé
Full consecrated to its heritage,
To battle for oppressed humanity
As thou didst fight for freedom formerly.

ON THE RECAPTURE OF JERUSALEM

Over the forehead of the Moslem night
Swims the new star with its celestial beam,
Through thousand years of darkness comes the
gleam,
Of fulfilled prophecies of blessed light.
Oh centuries of bliss, when angels bright,
The halos of their pinions oft did stream
O'er sacred quiet of the enchanted dream
Reflected from the holy roof top's height.
The resurrection of a vanquished race,
Fortold in tablets ages long ago,
Beams like a full blown rose in the embrace
Of faith's white fingers, trembling and aglow.
With exultation of the divine grace,
Which makes long cherished hopes unbudded, blow.

TO HARNEY PEAK

Suns rise and set, the seasons come and go,
Morn laughs at popped indolence of night,
And night blinks at morn's sudden flood of light,
Which through the sable folds its gold doth show.
Winds drive the rain clouds by the lightning's
glow,
And frosty cloudlets scatter crystals bright
From chilly spaces of unmeasured height,
Flowers bloom and fade, men rise and are laid
low.
But thou, Oh hoary peak, where is the eye.
That saw thy form upheaved into the blue?

Where is the ear that heard the echoing sky
Roar back thy birth groans from its azure hue?
Long after this fierce struggle's faintest cry
Thou will'st see nations fall and rise anew.

THE SNOW FALL

Oh fluttering wings of angels what affront
Hast made thee shed thy feathers crystal white?
What demonstration of the starless night
Hast made thee quiver with its bold address?
Surely, beyond the clouds, the stars still press
Their old affections with no thought to fright.
And suns yet, look on thee in keen delight
With the same ardent fervor they were wont.
Or is this fierce clamor here below,
Where men's hot curses singe the frightened soul
That gives thee this rude paralytic blow?
Is it the demon in his villain role
Of holy messenger with feigned halo
That makes thee shed old garb for a new whole?

THEY SHALL NOT PASS!

They shall not pass! How like a bursting flame,
Escaped from gloomy dungeon's deep despair,
It leaped into the bleakness of night's air,
Electrifying souls as once the name
Of simple, rustic maid like lightning came
And filled despairing hearts with visions fair
And victory like a radiant jewel rare
Flashed from her sword and routed foes in shame.

Upon that fiery phrase, the destiny
Of future worlds and unlived empires hang.
In distant ages when men scrutiny
The sources whence civilization's new soul sprang,
Tours still will raise a welcomed rhapsody
While Marne and Verdun 'll full voiced be sang.

TO THE THRUSH

Oh glorious burst of song from yon green brake,
Oh wondrous rift of heaven from your ash bough,
Immortal thrilling, which on feverish brow
Doth swift the anguish dew of fever slake.
In this glad hour when golden sun beams break
Their magic hues on drifting clouds, aglow
With serene hush of Hesperus rising slow,
'Tis glorious still from dreams of death to wake.
The world is thine, oh bird, tis all thine own,
While fitful we rise 'gainst a terrible throng,
Thy voice is not alarmed by bugles blown,
No monarch censors thy glad evening song,
No vandals hurl thee from thine ivied throne
Nor dost thou tremble at the ruthless strong.

TO THE MOON

Oh dazzling empress on your silver throne,
Attended by the Pleiades sisters seven,
Who deck thy crown with gems of jeweled heaven,
Ne'er with such beauty has't through dark clouds
 shone.
Bewitching shepherdess, thy flocks alone,
Adrift with their silvery fleeces even

To illimitable pastures, where dews nectars leven,
I gaze enraptured, Hark! What rising groan?
I call thee queen and yet this is a time,
When thrones fall trembling at a subject's glance,
When it is not good grace in passionate rhyme
Mad monarch's moribund Lares to enhance,
When slightest scoff at freedom seems a crime,
But whom would not thy magical charms entrance?

TO THE EAGLE

Piercing the clouds with calm majestic wing
Thou soarest from thy lofty mountain throne,
Leaving behind the heat and feverish groan,
Which from the fitful throng beneath doth spring.
What peace those airs must to thy being bring,
What wild excelsior from the heaven blown,
What mad intoxications must be known
Aloft from hot congestion's battling.
A monarch, but no craven monarch thou,
Thy battles are fought by thy might alone,
No winged battalions wait thy nodding brow.
Which to destruction by thy word are thrown.
A king, yet to which none in bondage bow,
The peaks are free for those who would them own.

OUT OF THE OLD

Out of the old new worlds full fledged shall spring,
So ever out of desolation's gloom,
A golden harvest flowereth forth full bloom
As if our teen was shade of angel's wing.
Does not the seed decay that it might bring
New generations from eternal doom?

What visions must before the mother loom
As birth pangs bring death closely hovering.
Cerulean skies will still shine on as blue,

Bright trembling with the happy hearts of morn,
Night's slumbers sealed with cooling flush of dew,
Will still fall sweetly on sad hopes forlorn.
Out of the fiendish heart of hate, a new
Uplifting love in fair realms shall be born.

IN THE COLD

Out in the cold he sleeps, the dreary cold,
Sleeps with the stars, beneath the moonless sky.
The winds breathe softly with a wailful sigh,
Breathe o'er the grasses which the tomb enfold.
Such is his first night in the dreary cold;
His first night's slumber 'neath the open sky,
Deep in the ground, beneath his Maker's eye.
While we sit by the lamplight as of old.
The grief we heralded, we cannot know,
Our spirit too is hovering where he sleeps,
And thus subdued the tears forget to flow.
Death's shudder o'er the broken spirit creeps,
When some kind friend is suddenly stricken low,
A loved one, takes our spirit where he sleeps.

TO VENICE

Fair vision, raised by some enchanter's wand
From ruby tints of corals crystal clear,
Bright jewel in proud Neptune's emerald ear
Round which the foaming locks curl and expand,
Charmed miracle sprang from the magic strand,

Where no rude sound burst in upon the cheer
Of heaving waters, where quiet doth not fear
To stretch himself upon the golden sand,
May ruthless Huns with lust wild in their eyes
Not sink their fangs into thy beauty's side,
May from the sea the guardian serpent rise
That rose when Laocoon rebuked her pride
And strike in trembling foe a wild surmise,
When crushing coils enfold their martial stride.

OLD GLORY

My heart is thrilled, my soul profoundly stirred
When I behold Old Glory's folds unfurled,
What's more divinely noble in the world
Than thy stripes streaming in the air unblurred?
Emblem of justice, light whose beams long lured
Downtrodden pilgrims, from their own lands hurled
By dread oppression, which about them curled
Obnoxious bondage not to be endured.
Wave on Old Glory, wave thy virtues wide,
Power's not thy glory, right and justice thine,
When liberty lies bleeding, woe betide
The tyrant that shall not his greed confine!
For million men will spring up to thy side.
Ready to die that right may brighter shine.

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